

# SOME WAR FACES OF THE TWO WILLIES: CARTOON

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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One Halfpenny.

THE EASTERN WAR WHERE THE TWO CENTRAL EMPIRES OF  
EUROPE ARE STRUGGLING TO ESCAPE THE RUSSIAN BEAR.



Chief of the Austrian staff with his adjutant.

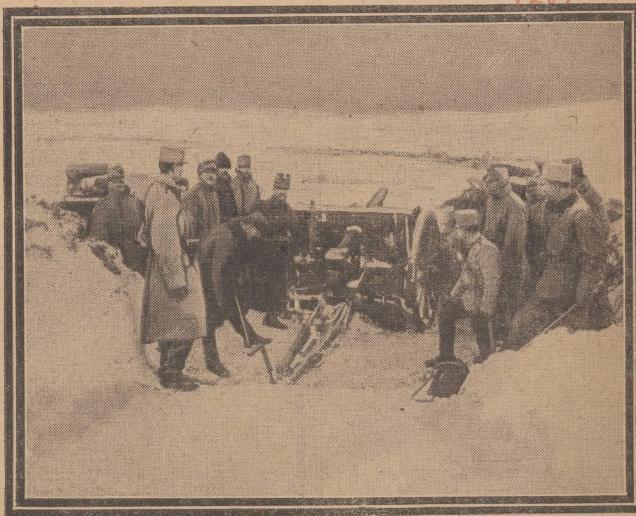


Some women refugees of Bukowina in their winter clothes.



German artillery train on its way to Russian Poland.

While British people naturally look with particular interest to the western campaign, in which our own soldiers are fighting side by side with the gallant troops of France, we must not forget the titanic struggle on the eastern frontiers, in which the three mighty



Austrian artillery fighting in snow-covered Galicia.

Empires of Russia, Germany and Austria are fighting for life and death amidst the snow-clad fields and ice floes of a bitterly cold winter. All the armies and the populations of Galicia and Poland are experiencing great hardships.

## "WHITE CITY" OF MEN IN KHAKI.

Soldiers' Life in the Flip-Flap and on Scenic Railway.

### PIANO "AT HOMES."

Probably the most comfortable quarters of any in which Territorial troops are quartered is that at the White City, where the 2nd London Reserve Territorial Division are finishing their training.

The ten battalions there, which are all reserve, are not quite at full strength at the moment, owing to the fact that big drafts have been sent to their first battalions, but altogether just under 9,000 men are living in the "White City."

The side shows are for the most part out of bounds.

There are no Tommies quartered in the Flip-Flap, or learning mountain work on the Scenic Railway, or living in tents on the Stadium enclosure.

### DWELLING IN LOFTY HALLS.

The big halls and galleries hold companies or half companies of the ten battalions, and the men living in these spacious apartments are infinitely better off than those in the tin huts so familiar nowadays in all parts of the countryside.

Each of these huge dormitories is warmed by a number of gas-heating radiators. The men sleep on plank beds covered with mattresses of straw, and each man has the liberal allowance of four blankets.

The men take their meals together in huge halls, which look so very empty now that only tables and chairs occupy the floor space instead of the huge exhibits of entertainment time.

Part of the Garden Hall is used for headquarters and messes.

In the big banqueting hall, with its French windows opening on to the garden, all the officers in the command dine together.

### IN "BOSTOCK'S CIRCUS."

Wherever I have been I have been struck by the wonderful work done for soldiers and sailors by the Y.M.C.A. Here they excel themselves.

"Bostock's Circus" building has been built to them. Here there is a post office, a savings bank, a lending library, bars, cinema theatre, lecture and church hall, lounge and games all on the one floor.

There are no fewer than fifteen billiards tables of all sizes, from the full size to the pocket size table.

There are six ping-pong boards, two Badminton nets, and a room for playing squash rackets.

The billiards tables are never idle from twelve o'clock in the day until lights out, and such games as chess, draughts and dominoes are going all the time the institute is open.

At the bars the men can get hot coffee or malted milk served them before the early morning parade.

### WANTED HOLLY AND SMOKES.

Concert parties give entertainments in the evenings to the men, and never have they sung and played to more enthusiastic audiences.

The sports arena at the Station is a veritable scene of狂热, caused by the incessant football which goes on there during playtime.

From nearly all of the halls or dormitories comes the tinkle of pianos.

The men pay 1d. a week each for the hire of them, and for those who do not always wish to be at the Y.M.C.A. in the evenings the At Homes are very popular.

An officer of the London Irish told me that they would like to have holly and evergreens to put up in their quarters this week, and if any generous person wishes to send along cigarettes for those who have to spend Christmas Day in the camp, their gift will be very acceptable.

They are cheery, hearty men at the White City, and a fair sample of the splendid Territorials all over the country.

P. J. MOSS.

### HARMONY RESTORED.

A curious action, in which the parties were Mme. Amy Sherwin and Miss Lily May le Blond, her adopted daughter, who is well known in the musical world as Stella Carol, was settled yesterday in the Chancery Division.

The action was for the fulfilment by Miss le Blond of an agreement entered into by her with Mme. Sherwin when the latter adopted her and commenced to give her a musical education.

It was stated that the old agreement had been cancelled and a new one entered into which embodied very favourable terms to defendant. Mr. Justice Eve sanctioned the settlement of the action on these terms, adding that defendant was wise to have agreed to them, as she would now be able to compete a valuable musical education.

### MOCK "PARLIAMENT" IN BRUSSELS

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 21.—Under pressure from the German authorities the nine Belgian provinces have sent representatives to Brussels and last Saturday they held a so-called Landtag session.

This Diet deliberated concerning the war levy of £19,200,000, which must be paid to the German Government in twelve monthly payments.

The representatives agreed to issue Treasury bonds guaranteed by the nine provinces and a group of bankers undertook to advance the money.—Reuter.

## "HAVE AN EGG-SHAKE?" SHELL'S SHRIEK OF DOOM.

### Business Men Consuming Less Alcohol Since the War Broke Out.

### "SOFT" DRINKS POPULAR.

People are drinking less alcohol in business hours since the war began.

Many men who formerly sealed a business deal over a whisky and soda or a bottle of champagne now take drinks which are claimed to contain more nourishing properties.

Such is the emphatic opinion of a leading London chemist.

"People are getting into the American habit of taking 'soft' drinks instead of alcoholic drinks," he told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"There is an increasing demand to-day for coco, or orange and lemon phosphates, and malted milk egg-shakes, both hot and cold.

Unlike alcoholic drinks, these refreshments do not send up the temperature and leave you 'flat' again.

Coco cola stimulates the brain without having the slightest intoxicating effect, while malted milk egg-shakes practically take the place of lunch and keep one going the whole day.

"We are doing a tremendous business just now with the Canadian soldiers, who are very keen on orange and lemon phosphates, malted milk egg-shakes, and chocolate ice cream sodas.

"Americans and Canadians like cold drinks, even in frosty weather."

### WHEN IS A FUR NOT A FUR?

### Women Wearing Clever Imitations to Which Distance Lends Echantment.

Fashionable coat and skirt costumes of imitation fur are very popular this winter.

Imitation furs have reached a point when from some little distance they can scarcely be distinguished from the real article.

They include—

Motessins. Civet cat. Ponyskin.

Leopard. Muskrat.

The sensible present is much in vogue this year, and dress lengths and coat and costume lengths of imitation furs are being sold for Christmas gifts. *The Daily Mirror* was told at Harrods yesterday.

A squirrel cloth costs 12s. 9d. or 15s. 9d. a yard, a leopard cloth the same price per yard, and a civet cat. Mole cloths cost 25s. 9d. a yard, pony cloths at different prices from 15s. to 18s. 9d.

Dress lengths for maid-servants as Christmas gifts in no novelty, but these, too, are being sold in great quantities.

Velvet is specially in favour again this winter. *The Daily Mirror* was told, and striped velvets of many coloured stripes are being sold to be made up with plain velvets—for instance, a striped velvet skirt will be worn with a plain velvet coat.

### "WHY WAS HE AN ASS?"

"Why did he make such an ass of himself?"

This was the question asked by the magistrate at the Thames Police Court yesterday when John Colegate, a lighterman, was remanded on his own recognisances, charged with failing to comply with an order given him by a sergeant of the National Reserve (Territorials).

A sentry, who was guarding the lock sluices, said he was ordered to allow no one to make fast a barge to the upper pierhead. Defendant refused to remove his badge when requested.

Lieutenant Evans said he had not yet heard from the War Office whether the defendant was to be tried by court-martial or at that court.

A Bill to enable the French Government to cancel the naturalisation of persons who have adhered to their original nationality or by their conduct towards a hostile power have shown themselves unworthy of French citizenship is to be introduced, says Reuter, in the Chamber of Deputies.

## SHELL'S SHRIEK OF DOOM.

### Belgian Soldier's Story of Terrors of German Guns.

### MONKS' WORK AS NURSES.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

FARNBOROUGH, Dec. 21.—The Benedictine Monks, whose monastery adjoins the Empress Eugenie's mausoleum, have converted Farnborough Court, a large mansion standing in their grounds, into a hospital, and, as fate would have it, the first batch of wounded received were Belgians, all men of their own religion.

Most of the nurses are the wives of British officers. At their head is Mrs. Guise Moore, wife of Major Guise Moore, and they are greatly assisted by the kindly monks, who have given up their former help in the noble work of healing the wounded.

It is a common sight to see a monk wheeling an injured hero around the grounds, lighting a cigarette, or performing other kindly offices for him.

I had a chat yesterday with one of the wounded soldiers. He gave me the following description of the horrors at Liege. His story was as follows:—

"I was in one of the forts of Liege, and had, perchance, the misfortune of experiencing the awful effects of German siege gun fire.

"The terrible shriek of the shell as it speeds on its way seems to portend doom, and as it bursts it makes one fear that the fort has split in two."

"I lay round after the first shell had done

its hellish work upon our fine fortress, and saw

some of my dear comrades battered out of recogni-

tion and others writhing in agony, frayed

severely by the shrapnel.

"I was like one demented. I felt I must leave the fort, get those horrid Germans by the throat and slowly strangle them to death.

"I fought at Malines, Louvain, Brussels, and

at that Dante's Inferno Antwerp," the soldier continued.

"I shall never forget those days at Antwerp. It was a terrible time for us fellows, and had it not been for your English sailors we could never have 'hung out' as we did."

"The only time I saw those fellows sad was when they were ordered to evacuate their position. Then they said words that of them explained to me meant 'pretty blue'!"

P. J. W.

### PATRIOTS OF THE GUTTER.

### Fewer Penny Toy Sellers Because Seventy Have Joined the Army.

There are fewer penny toy hawkers, or, as they are sometimes called, "gutter merchants," in Liverpool this hill year.

The reason for this is that nearly seventy of them have joined the Army.

Those that are left behind to "carry on" the annual Christmas market on the hill" are naturally proud of the patriotism of their comrades.

"We may be only gutter hawkers, but, you see, we can answer the call to duty," said one of them to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"But business is not nearly as good as it might be," he went on. "Last year there were about 200 hawkers here and all did very well. Nearly 350,000 penny toys were sold."

"Some of us, in fact, made as much as six, seven or eight pounds during the week before Christmas Day."

"If anyone makes three, or even two, pounds this year he will be considered very lucky."

"The war regulations hit us hard and cut down our business day to only a few hours."

### ONCE OUT, OUT FOR ALWAYS.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 21.—The *Herald* learns from Brussels that during the last few days neither neutrals nor German nor Austrian subjects have been able to obtain passports for the Netherlands unless they were prepared to sign a declaration that they would not return to Belgium during the war. No Belgians are granted permits to leave Belgium.—Reuter.



Making the giant cracker for "Sleeping Beauty Beautified," the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre. This is only one of the surprises prepared for the children at the Lane.

## INVISIBLE INK RUSE TO TRAP SUSPECT.

### Sample Notepaper Delivery in Mystery of Threatening Letters.

### THE ACCUSER CHARGED.

Remarkable detective work on the part of a special constable, who arranged for samples of notepaper carefully marked with invisible ink to be delivered at the house of a woman suspected of sending threatening letters, was described at Reigate Police Court yesterday.

The case is a sequel to a series of charges of sending threatening letters to people in the Redhill district during the past three years.

Mrs. Johnson was three times charged with the offence. On the first two occasions she was convicted, and on the third found not guilty and discharged.

A sensational development followed. Mrs. Ellen Woodman, of Redstone-road, Redhill, who had initiated the prosecution, was charged with perjury. Yesterday she was further charged with herself sending letters threatening to murder.

The hearing was adjourned.

### NEIGHBOUR THRICE ARRESTED.

Mr. Lay, appearing on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions, told the Court that in 1912 Mrs. Woodman complained to the police that she had received a number of letters containing threats to murder her.

She failed to prove Mrs. Johnson, who, at that time, was a neighbour. Mrs. Johnson was arrested and sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Surrey Sessions.

Hardly had she come out of prison when Mrs. Woodman complained that she was receiving similar letters of threats, and again Mrs. Johnson was arrested.

She was convicted on the second indictment and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment at the King's Sessions.

Once more Mrs. Woodman complained of receiving other letters containing threats.

Mr. Budgen, a special constable, conceived a clever idea.

A man was engaged to leave at the house in the district samples of notepaper and envelopes. The packet left at Mrs. Woodman's house contained paper and envelopes which were marked by Mr. Budgen with invisible ink.

Police-constable Spain also arranged with the Post Office officials to serve Mrs. Woodman with marks which were also marked with invisible ink.

Mr. Lay said he would prove that Major Kingsley Foster had received letters threatening his life and demanding money, which were written on the marked paper, the envelopes being franked with the marked stamps.

Police-constable Attwood had received eleven letters since August last, and several of them were written on the paper left at Mrs. Woodman's house.

### SHOULD LIKE TO KILL YOU.

Other letters had been received by Police-Sergeant Bacon, which could be traced to the accused by the same means.

A number of letters Mrs. Woodman alleged she had received, and which she handed to Police-constable Spain, were written on the marked paper.

Major Kingsley Foster said he could not tell how many letters he had received. In one letter it was stated, "I should like to kill you," and in another, "I should like to blow your ship up."

Other letters contained threats to murder and a demand for £500, which was given by Police-constable Attwood as to receiving threatening letters.

Detective Spain spoke to marking a number of postage stamps with invisible ink, which he caused to be sold to Mrs. Woodman.

Since August 11 187 letters had been received, and Mrs. Woodman had handed him 137. Many of the envelopes were franked with stamps he had marked.

### PUT THE HENS ON ACTIVE SERVICE

That there is a bright future before British poultry breeders if they seize present opportunities was a statement made yesterday by Mr. W. Powell-Owen, author of "Eggs All the Year Round."

Holland has now prohibited the export of eggs and poultry, and altogether, said Mr. Powell-Owen, some £7,000,000 worth of eggs and table chickens will be withheld from us if the war lasts a year.

"We feel confident," added Mr. Powell-Owen, "that it is in our power to supply the demands for new laid eggs and table chickens without calling upon outside help. Poultry keepers in this country must see to it that every hen is put on active service."

### 99 MURDER RAID VICTIMS.

Another death has occurred at Hartlepool, making the death-roll there ninety-nine. The damage to property by the German raid is roughly estimated at between £100,000 and £200,000.



## YOUNG PRISONER.

G. 11910 F



This boy, thirteen years old, was the youngest soldier in the Russian Army. He is a prisoner in the hands of the Germans.

## MOTHER RESTORES SON'S SPEECH.

P. 16499



Mrs. Drucker, of Clerkenwell (in the centre), flung herself down the stairs in the hope of restoring speech by shock to her soldier son, Corporal Charles Drucker, who had returned from the front dumb. The daring ruse has succeeded.

## P. 16499 A DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER AND HIS MEDAL.

P. 16499

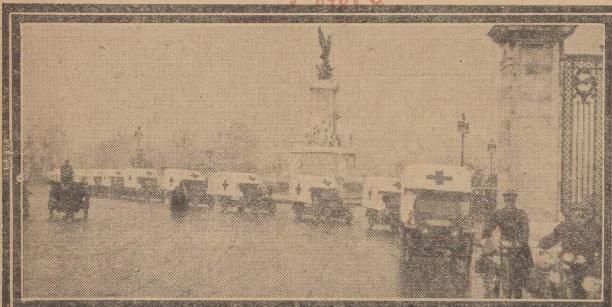
P. 16499



Sergeant H. E. Nash, of the 20th Hussars, who was decorated by the King, for distinguished conduct in the field, when his Majesty was at the front. Sergeant Nash behaved with exceptional coolness and gallantry from October 23 to November 4. His medal is one of the first of its kind to be seen in England.

## INDIAN PRINCE'S GREAT GIFT OF MOTORS.

G. 11909 B



The motor-ambulances presented by the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior to the British Government leaving Buckingham Palace after having been inspected by the King. The gift includes forty-one ambulance cars, four officers' cars and five motor-lorries.

## A LITTLE TRADER.

G. 1623 R



German soldiers leaving Antwerp for the firing line buy sweetsmeats from a little Belgian girl.

## SAVE MONEY DURING THE WAR

Day and Martin, the British Firm established over 140 years, have brought out the "D. and M. Economic Disc," which fits over the top of the bottle and prevents waste by allowing just enough Boot polish to be taken out by each dash. The "Economic Disc" can be used with a 1d. tin of D. and M. Daymar Polish or with a 2d. tin of most other polishes. This is because the D. and M. Daymar 1d. tins are practically the same size as the 2d. tins of almost all other makes, and by using the "Disc" the supply will last at least three times as long. Send 1d. stamp for "Economic Disc" or 2 stamps for Disc and Polish, to Day & Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters-road, Stratford, E.



BUY

BY APPOINTMENT

## Chivers' Mincemeat

Guaranteed absolutely Pure  
Only choicest ingredients used  
BETTER THAN HOME-MADE

Ask your Grocer for  
a jar of CHIVERS'

The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge

ANY OFFICER of the British or Allied Forces who desires, after leaving Hospital, to have a change of air and treatment for convalescence is invited to communicate with

GEORGINA COUNTESS OF DUDLEY,  
BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY,  
83, PALL MALL,  
LONDON, S.W.

The Society has received many offers from all parts of the British Isles, and also from abroad, by persons anxious to offer hospitality to convalescent officers. There are also offers of small houses for married officers and their families.

# H.P. SAUCE

gives just the finishing touch to the Christmas dinner—

besides there will be cold meat to clear up afterwards, and just a few drops of H. P. Sauce make it simply delicious.

*Wouldn't it be worth your while to get H. P. NOW?*

# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1914.

## THEIR "REPENTANCE."

THERE are learned persons—German philosophers some of them—who will assure us that we can only be truly good if we have first been rather naughty: in other words, crime must be followed by punishment, punishment by repentance, repentance by permanent reform. Crime, then, is the necessary first step in the paradoxical process of full regeneration.

But (we add) it must be crime that is found out and is a failure. Few repent of a crime that is completely successful. Let Prussia, Prussian theorists, Prussian militarists, give us an example.

It is rumoured that Gott, their tribal deity, is no longer pleased with Prussia. It seems that a great Day of Repentance—something no doubt suggested by the Hebraic festival of nearly that name—is to be celebrated soon in Germany.

Repentance for what? Surely they do not recognise they were wrong in beginning the most disastrous war in the memory of man? Repentance for the war that they themselves so eagerly "nursed" and then sprang upon the world? No: hardly that; but repentance, rather, for having so far failed to bring that war to any point even approaching the triumph they supposed that Gott had ordained for them. After the obvious reflection that something must be wrong with Gott, they have brought themselves to allow, as a mere afterthought, that it is with themselves that something may be wrong. Hence this new sort of Tag or wonderful Day, on which every man in or out of the German Army is to say how sorry he is not to have won the war that each helped to bring about.

That is all that repentance means in most men, for private or public wrongdoing: it means we are sorry it didn't come off and that we repeat the unpleasant consequences. "It's getting found out that brings it home to one: the sin itself didn't matter." And so we say: "It's the failure that has called Germany to repentance. Their theory of themselves, as the bandits of Central Europe, remains as strong with them, and as justified to them, as ever it was. It will only be thoroughly disproved by further failure."

But with some of us there must remain a doubt whether it will be disproved even by final disaster.

If, after duly repenting for failure, and praying their fierce Prussian Gott to help them win, and finding they still don't win, but that on the contrary those whom they thought outside the mercy of Gott win instead, is it not more than likely that they will thereupon get terribly annoyed with Gott for lese-Germanism, or Teutonic disloyalty and pro-Gallicism, and overturn him, as in old days amongst strange tribes no less worshippers of force and success than Prussia men overturned and broke to pieces idols of brass or clay, who, they thought, had deserted them in their hour of suffering? Will a new Gott be then fabricated for Prussia? Or will instead the other equally familiar process be adopted of piling up yet higher and higher sacrifice of prayer and life and horror to the old Gott, the Moloch reincarnate, whose presiding operations are still evident in these warped intentions of the Prussian mind and method?

On the whole we anticipate, first, repentance—of the kind we have suggested—for Prussia; then, more suffering, ever more sacrifice, for the appeasement of Gott; then—well then, so far as we can see for them, mere blankness; for to expect the Prussian conscience to conceive a truer deity, with love in place of frightfulness for his world-transforming weapon, would be to make the old mistake, and to dream the old dream of thorns bringing forth flowers and thistles turning to fruit out of a sandy soil.

London Daily Mirror (W.M.)

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### THE WILLIES' WAR MASKS.

CONGRATULATIONS on your capital cartoon. Let us remember, however, that only the German diplomats resident abroad put on the soft and smiling mask. The Prussian brutality is as evident and as vile as ever at the front. Witness Scarborough and the murdered children.

M. E. C.

### WAR AND SERVANTS.

AS THE proprietor of one of the larger domestic agencies having offices both in London and in the country, I have noted with interest the correspondence which has been going on in your columns in respect to servants and the war. As I can obtain some practical knowledge of the actual position, and can, I think, reconcile the conflicting attitudes of "R." and "L. C. P." for instance, my contribution may

maids to keep their situations), expensive cooks and housekeepers (the despised above referred to); together with the distinct improvement in the supply of quite young servants and untrained girls, which is probably to be traced to the fact that there is a depression in the dress-making and millinery trades.

To sum up the general position—whilst the more or less unnecessary servants indicated above are suffering to some extent from unemployment there is still a wholly inadequate supply of cooks of all descriptions up to, at all events, £30 wages; parlourmaids and house-parlourmaids.

E. MARTIN MASSEY.

### POST OFFICE POLITENESS.

I DO NOT think "Four Post Office Women" should assume that the postmen unapprisingly condemn all post office officials.

On the other hand, we must not forget that there are many girls behind the counter who

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

### How to Make the Soldier's Christmas Pleasant at Home and Abroad.

#### AT THE WHITE CITY.

THE Y.M.C.A., which is doing such splendid work among the troops, is to entertain the men quartered in the White City to tea on Christmas Day.

They expect about 6,000 guests. Would any of your readers care to help by generously sending crackers, cake, or holly for this occasion? The depot is at 62, Cornwall-gardens, and the gifts should arrive not later than the morning of Christmas Eve.

G. E. J.

E. MARTIN MASSEY.

I CONGRATULATE the Territorials at the White City on obtaining forty-eight hours' leave, as the 7th London Brigade R.F.A. (T.F.), stationed within the St. Albans area, are getting no Christmas leave at all. TRUMPETER 20th Battalion, Berkhamsted, Herts.

#### FOR THE RECRUITS.

CHRISTMAS week is here, though it doesn't seem much like it. Nevertheless, if we at home don't "feel like Christmas" we must endeavour to see that our recruits and our friends at the front have as good a time as possible. Many of the recruits will not be able to get home, I judge from some of their letters you have published. In that case we ought at least to be sure that they get a good Christmas dinner where they are. I am sending turkeys and plum puddings those recruits I know, and I know your readers, who have been so generous in their response to every appeal, will not need to be reminded that we owe everything to those who are serving for our sakes. WIMBLEDON. A. M. E.

#### NEXT YEAR?

NO DOUBT it is bad luck that many of the recruits cannot get home for Christmas. But it is obviously impossible that all should get away. Some must put up with the hardship which is part of the hardship of this unparalleled year.

Let us pray that next Christmas may be better!

A RECRUIT'S MOTHER.

EARL'S COURT-SQUARE, S.W.

#### LONDON LUXURY."

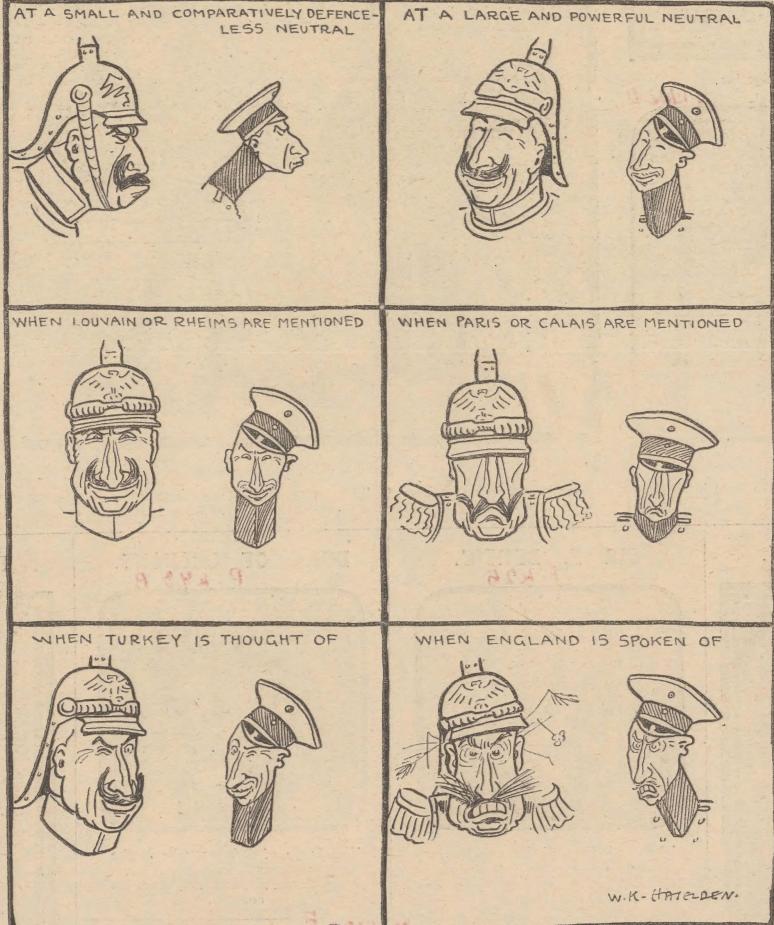
YOUR Scarborough correspondents seem to think we London folk are recommending raids as a means of encouraging recruiting. There seems to be a notion that we ourselves are suffering no inconvenience, but that we are the other people ought to suffer a good deal—for instance, people on the coast.

On the contrary, I am sure we all feel the greatest and sincerest sympathy for our friends and fellow-countrymen in the provinces. This is not quite true, either, to say that we are suffering no inconvenience here.

For example, I am suffering from a badly-sprained ankle. Nothing to speak of, I know, but I just mention it to show that I am not the only one troubled. I sprained it walking home the other day and against a displaced coal hole left half open in our now almost totally dark street. Others I know have run up against railings or fallen down doorsteps. We don't complain. But we do feel somehow that we are not revelling in London luxuries of light while our poor friends suffer in the seaside towns.

A London Street. SICK LEAVE.

## SOME WAR FACES OF THE TWO WILLIES.



War emotions of success or failure are daily reflected in the Kaiser and Clown Prince countenances. It is the thought of England that causes the greatest distortion. But even the others are not pretty faces at all.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

be of some interest and value. The ex-Look upon audiences as a virtue, and it rests with us of our daily work since the war to show me that, whilst there is some considerable falling off in the number of employers' orders and a considerable increase in the number of servants seeking employment, my weekly

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. II. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2½d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

analysts prove conclusively that the loss in employers' orders is only for lady's maids, housekeepers and very expensive cooks, also for the intermediate housemaids between the upper and under housemaids in large establishments. Similarly, in analysing the increased number of servants available, I find that these are lady's maids (this may account for the statement which "R." makes to the effect that a leading agency in the West End is begging

to do contribute to our troubles. I sprained it walking home the other day and against a displaced coal hole left half open in our now almost totally dark street. Others I know have run up against railings or fallen down doorsteps. We don't complain. But we do feel somehow that we are not revelling in London luxuries of light while our poor friends suffer in the seaside towns.

A London Street. SICK LEAVE.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 21.—There are not many March and April flowering plants that are suitable for bedding or for growing with spring bulbs. The double daisies are extremely pretty subjects for this purpose. There are now giant-flowered forms (rose and white), while Rob Roy (crimson-scarlet) and Alice (salmon-pink with quilled flowers) are most valuable varieties.

For cutting, the ox-eye daisies that bloom from May to July are always useful. There are many good varieties of our native field daisy (leucanthemum). August and September bring us the large ox-eye daisies (maximum).

E. F. T.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Love is better than spectacles to make everything seem great.—Sir Philip Sydney.

# THE WILLIES AT THE BAZAARS: YOU CAN STICK PINS IN THEM.



Boy scout and Algerian.



Somersault clown, a peace toy.

The war is very much to the front in all the toyshops and bazaars this Christmas. The run on toy soldiers has been a record, but the children are even more delighted with comic representations of the Willies, Kaiser and son, and other comic war figures, including Algerians and boy scouts.

**MODEL CLOAK.**

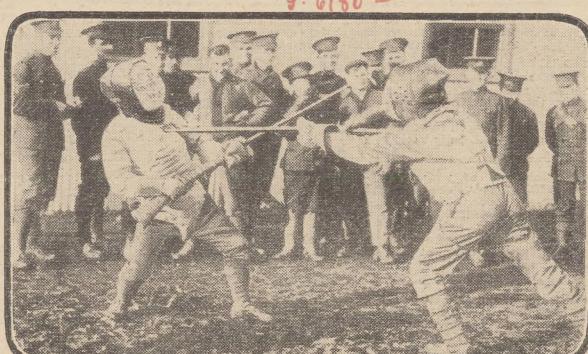
A charming model cloak of yellow and blue velvet and trimmed with red fox fur. A huge butterfly is worn in the hair.—(Cloak by Boue Frères, photograph by Dover-street Studios.)

**SIR F. BERTIE.**

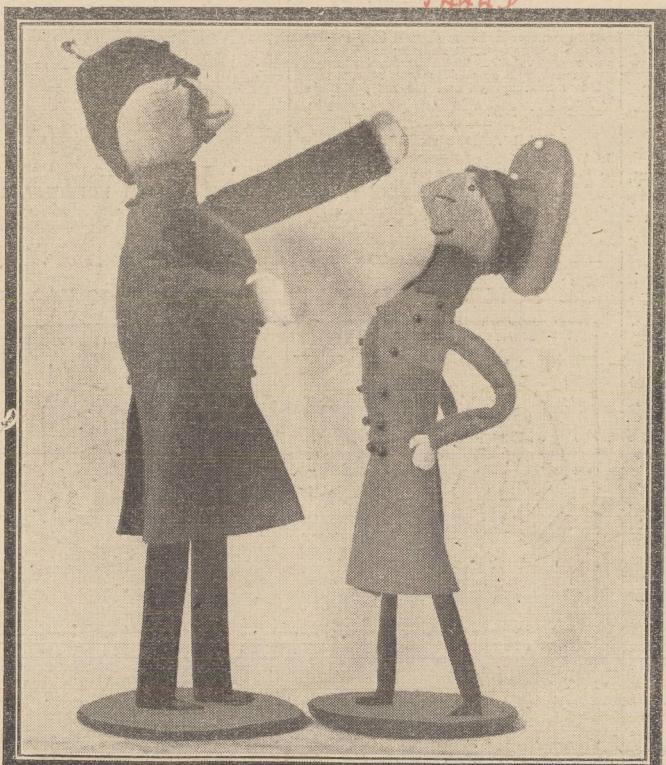
The Right Hon. Sir Francis Bertie, our Ambassador in Paris, has consented to the prolongation of his appointment.

**DUKE OF ORLEANS.**

The Duke of Orleans, who is the legitimist King of France, has again begged to be allowed to fight for his country.



The Canadians on Salisbury Plain are getting on famously with their bayonet practice. A thrust which has found its mark.



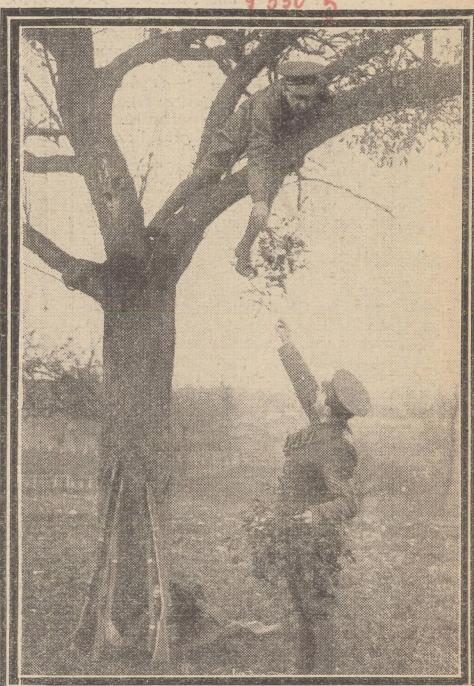
Big and Little Willie as pin-cushions.



A cuirassier and a cavalryman.



The Kaiser's-trip-to-Calais toy.

**PICKING MISTLETOE IN FRANCE.**

Our British soldiers in France are very fond of picking mistletoe just now. Some of them are sending the mistletoe home, while some others no doubt find a use for it abroad.

# OUR WOUNDED "TOMMIES" TEACH TRENCH BUILDING.

P. 16798

P. 16798



Private White, of the Border Regiment, demonstrates trench building

Model trench made by Private G. Elwell.

Private H. Hoyles, of the Scots Guards, making model trenches.

The wounded soldiers in the military wards at the London Hospital have just finished a little competition in modelling trenches and have been awarded prizes for their models. The men make models of the trenches which they fought in at the front and the models are sent to

the depots of Kitchener's Army to teach the young soldiers exactly how the modern defences are made. The soldiers are most enthusiastic over this work and many of them have shown themselves wonderfully expert.

## WOMEN OF FRANCE WORK FOR THE WOUNDED.

4. 11908 A



Scene in the Abbaye de Théâtre, a noted "high life" restaurant in Montmartre, which has been converted into a depot for making bandages and other hospital requisites.

## THE KAISERIN GREETS GERMANY'S NURSES.

P. 121 C



A scene at a big German nursing depot near one of the Berlin railways. The Kaiserin is seen greeting a number of the principal nurses.

## PATRIOTIC JAPANESE WOMEN.

4. 12021



This is a photograph of the great meeting of the Japanese Ladies' Patriotic Association in Tokio, which took place on October 6. The ladies discussed the war and the treatment of wounded soldiers.

## WOUNDED CAT.

4. 11904 R



This kitten was wounded in Hofstadt and went through the siege of Antwerp. It has now been installed as mascot in a field hospital.

## FIDO TAKES HIS TURN ON GUARD.

4. 841 G

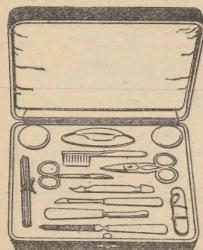


Some French soldiers enjoying a friendly game of cards while their pet dog goes on guard with rifle and bayonet.

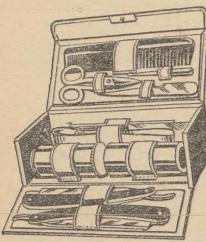
# Gift buying time is here

## In Boots The Chemists Gift Departments

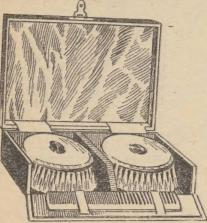
will be found a great choice of Gifts—thousands of artistic and really useful articles. The variety combines beauty, utility—and in every department extreme value is given. All our Gifts have been chosen with great discrimination to meet the present need—economy.



Manicure Case, fitted real African ivory, 12 pieces.  
Boots Special Price, 21/- each.



Morocco Grain Shaving Case,  
Boots Special Price, 17/6



Gent's Brush Case, fitted two nickel brushes and comb.  
Boots special price, 15/6 complete.  
Also fitted ebony—  
Boots special price, 18/6 complete.

Orders above 10/- are sent carriage paid in Great Britain.

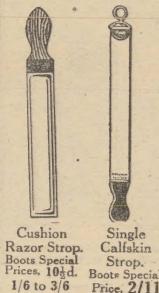
With orders under 10/- an extra sum of 3d. should be enclosed to cover carriage.



'Grekis' Perfume, a delicate, charming Oriental odour  
Boots Special Price, 2/6



Old English Lavender Water, two sizes  
Boots Special Prices, 2/3, 5/6



Cushion Razor Strop  
Boots Special Prices, 10/-d.  
1/6 to 3/6

Single Callskin Strop  
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Jersey Castle Eau de Cologne, in wickered bottle  
Boots Special Prices, 2/9, 5/3



Electro-plated Eau de Cologne Slip  
Boots Special Price, 2/6



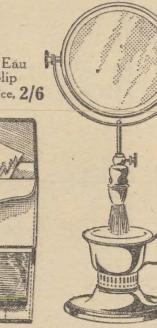
Morocco Pocket Book with special pocket for the new bank notes  
Boots Special Prices, 4/6



White Heather, a perfume of extreme delicacy  
Boots Special Prices, 3/6, 6/6, 10/6



Polished Brass Letter Rack  
Boots Special Price, 1/11



Nickel Shaving Set, with mirror & heater  
Boots Special Price, 9/11



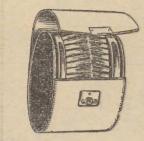
Devonshire Violets, a perfume giving the true odour of growing violet  
Boots Special Prices, 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, 6/-  
Presentation Casket, 4/9



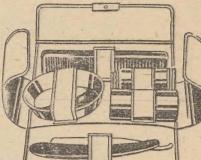
Smooth Lambkin Prima Donna Bag, in three sizes  
Boots Special Prices, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6½



Cut-glass Toilet Bottle  
Boots Special Price, 9/11



Gent's Solid Leather Brush Case, fitted ebony or satinwood military brushes  
Boots Special Price, 10/6  
Other qualities—from 4/11 to 42/-



Gent's Solid Leather Shaving Case, fitted as illustrated  
Boots Special Price, 12/6  
Better qualities—  
17/6, 21/-, 28/6, 42/-



Special Value Lady's Brush Case, with xylonite fittings, as illustrated  
Boots Special Price, 25/6



Best quality Lady's Brush and Manicure Case combined, with xylonite fittings, as illustrated  
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BRANCH.



# THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

"Love looks  
not with  
the eyes,  
but with  
the mind."

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is prone to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

**VALERIE CRAVEN**, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

**JOHN HILLIER**, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

**STANHOPE LANE**, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is a very elastic one, where his own desires are concerned.

**SIR GEORGE CLAIR**, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, was assisted by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As he speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrists and draws her towards him steadily.

They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to see Valerie, with whom she lives. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a sudden impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushed away the tips across the face of the man in the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's name. As the other she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair. The other letter is from John Hillier. As she reads her heart sinks. John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-a-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and jilted.

John Hillier, as she sees there, a temptation waits to win him to her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it; she also knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their ways are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

\* \* \*

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. In a week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an amazing letter from Valerie, in which she says that she has nothing to do with her husband. This is the last thing Sylvia hears to her horror, that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she is here, Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Late Valerie tells her that she must speak to her privately that night. They go off together to an ancient palace.

The next day is the wedding day. The room where Hillier is and falls in a dead faint, and Valerie is found dead in the ruins of the palace, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers return to India and arrive in England, where John Hillier having taken up the title, they live at Greysdyke, the beautiful old family house. A day or two later Sylvia is startled by her husband telling her that he has engaged as his secretary a young man called Stanhope Lane.

### STANHOPE LANE AGAIN.

IT was very early when Sylvia awoke the next morning, after a night of broken sleep and terrifying, fitful dreams.

She slipped out of bed and drew back the curtains quickly, not before the widely-open window had leaned open. The sky was grey and flecked with rosy, feathery clouds. The flush of dawn still lingered over the world, for even the birds that dotted the lawns were silent.

There had been rain overnight, and the air was sweet with the rich scents of drenched earth.

An intense longing to be out under the wide sky, to escape from this house that all at once

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

had become like a prison to her, seized Sylvia. She wanted to think; and to think she must get out of doors.

She dressed swiftly and quietly, and, having convinced herself that her husband, asleep in the dressing-room beyond, had not been disturbed, stole down through the greatest sleeping house. Last night she had discovered a long verandah that ran along the west side of the house. It took her a few moments to master the bolts and fastenings, but presently she was out in the wonderful soft freshness of the lonely world, speeding towards the woods that fringed the gardens to the left.

At a distance they looked stark and dark, under the pale sky, but as she drew nearer to them it was as though a mist had suddenly wretched. She saw the delicate tracery of twigs and branches through a wonderful haze of tenderest green. Underfoot, the bracken was unfolding its silvery cocoons amidst the russet of last year's leaves, and here and there patches of primroses lay like splashes of moonlight amidst the green and gold.

She found a fallen tree and sat down on it, looking far down through the shadowy aisles of trees, her thoughts busy with the tangle of her history.

She was terrified and depressed by this news about Stanhope Lane that Jack had brought to her last night. Not that in one sense it came to her as a surprise. It appeared like the almost inevitable working out of that fatalistic belief of hers—that her life moved in a circle, and that sooner or later the revolving wheel that circle must bring her face to face with the past.

Stanhope Lane should be coming to this house; that he should be going to form one of her own household . . . the gross crudity of this coincidence appalled and bewildered her. Yet, in reality, it was much less of a coincidence than it looked.

It was through Hillier that she had ever gone to the shop in Sloane-street, though she did not know this, and oddly enough she had never been so easily beguiled by them when Valerie was under discussion. But it had been from Hillier that Valerie had received the introduction to Mrs. Cunliffe, of the lace shop in Sloane-street, at the time when she was seeking for a suitable outlet for Sylvia's talents as a facemaker and needlemwoman.

But to Sylvia, who in her convent school had known little or nothing of Valerie's life, this most contemptuous of explanations was unguessed at. She saw only a coincidence so grotesque and melodramatic as to overshadow the fantastic imaginings of fiction.

What was she going to do? The old tread-mill whose steps were questions. She had come out here into the wild freedom of the woods in order that she might think. What was that was there to think? What could she plan? She must not for a moment allow Stanhope Lane to imagine that she was afraid of him. Whatever her fear and her weakness, she must never sink so low as to ask his help—or his connivance.

And once again a memory of the words he had spoken to her on that afternoon of driving rain, in the lamplight at corner of Sloane-street, returned to her heart.

"It would be better to have me as a friend than as an enemy. I could be a bitter enemy, Sylvia . . ."

Through the thinly-clothed branches of the trees arching overhead came a sudden patter of rain. The earth responded with a pleasant and grateful odour. It seemed to Sylvia that she could see the tiny springing growth of new life land breaking into the mantle of renewed life after winter sleep. Yesterday's sunshine and to-morrow's rain, April's smiles and tears—between them they were creating a new green world. It seemed to Sylvia that the air was warm with the very breath of spring—full of the hope that only spring can bring, and that in this world of budding trees and springing plants—this world of mating birds, she and she alone was without mate.

She stood surprised by a sound of voices. A couple of men with tools over their shoulders strode past her and disappeared, scarcely casting so much as a glance at her. Through a break in the trees she could see the blue spirals of ascending smoke from some hidden chimneys. The world was waking to its daily round. This solitude was not so remote as she had imagined it to be.

She made her way back to the house and found that Jack was already down, waiting for him impatiently.

"You're an unexpected person!" he greeted her. "Where have you been at these unheard-of hours? I rose myself before the birds—or, at least, before any really self-respecting bird—but you were gone. I'm as hungry as a bear. Come along, old girl!"

The mood of boyish excitement that had characterised him last night was on him still. He was transformed into a man who, for all his blindest, had no affinity whatever with that broken figure, unshaven and unkempt, who had sat, turning over an unopened letter in his hands, on the verandah of the bungalow at Magalla . . .

They breakfasted together in a charming old-world room, oak panelled, with long latticed windows, that framed charming glimpses of a sunken garden, affame with the gold and red of tulips.

"I've ordered the table to be set to the fire,"

Hillier told her. "The rain has brought a chill with it. I remember this room—it used to be a very charming one when I was a boy."

He slipped his hand under her arm as they stood together.

"We shall have a delightful hour together this morning, when the world wakes up. A magic prelude to a day that may be the most momentous day in our lives."

She caught her breath swiftly. Almost for a moment she had forgotten all that to-day was to bring—not Stanhope Lane only, but the great Russian oculist, on whose verdict the future happiness and peace of this man at her side would depend.

"Jack, don't let us talk of it. I don't dare to talk of it," she whispered. "When does he come? I must have a long confabulation with the housekeeper. I understand from her yesterday that Sir Denis was an epicure, and that his cook has a European reputation."

"My cousin Denis was a disgustingly greedy old man. No doubt he paid his cook wages that a member of Parliament might envy. He could afford to do it. Let him rest in peace—the cook, I mean. Valerie is a good girl."

Outside the rain drove against the window. There was a gurgling of gorged gutters and waterspouts in the air, and against this sudden intrusion of autumn into spring the wood fire that burned on the hearth was full of comforting attraction.

What blessed sound that rain has—after three years' absence!" Hillier said. "I don't envy him his drive through our Sussex lanes, though," he added.

Valerie felt herself change colour at the sound of the name she dreaded. She looked up from the plate where she had been breaking a piece of dry toast into innumerable fragments, under the pretence of making a meal.

"Is he your new secretary going to motor down?" she asked.

"Hillier," she said.

Your tone is full of envy and bitterness, Valerie. I expect you will lead the poor chap a dreadful life. But I warn you—he's a permanent. Or rather his office is. The moment you make things too hot for one, I'll have another of 'em. A girl next time, for choice!"

"Jack, how absurd you are. I only want you to be happy—why should I be envious of your secretary?"

Hillier shrugged his shoulders as he rose from the table.

"Because all women at heart are jealous of the men they love," he said teasingly. He groped his way towards her, with the surprising ease of moment that had come to him even in these few months, and bent to kiss her.

Behind them the door opened and a servant announced:

"Mr. Stanhope Lane, Sir John. He is in the library."

"Oh, ask him to come in here," Hillier said, and added swiftly: "That is, if you've no objection, Valerie?"

### FRIEND OR ENEMY?

STANDING with her back to the light, one hand resting on the carved wood of the mantelshelf, Sylvia waited, looking towards the door through which the man must come. She was almost thankful to the fate that had precipitated this inevitable meeting.

At least so much she had been spared—the strain of any further waiting.

The breakfast parlor, with its dark panelled walls, its round-paned windows, was a dim room even on a day of sunshine; this morning, with its weeping skies, it was almost dark, save for the leap and play of the flames on the hearth.

Then, as she looked, the man she expected stood in the doorway. She saw the sharp silhouette of the tall, almost femininely graceful figure, the outlines of the sleek head. The man came close to her ears as from an immense distance:

"Really, I must apologise for my appearance at this unheeded-of hour, Sir John, but I have a message from my father."

She knew that accent of simulated embarrassment so well. This man, who had never been embarrassed in the length of a shameless lie, knew so adroitly how to counterfeit the feeling that it was a stranger.

"I expected you later, rather than earlier," Hillier said with marked cordiality in his voice. "My wife and I have been picturing you stuck fast in the mud of one of our famous lanes. I know the havoc the rain can wreak on our roads even in a couple of hours. So the surprise is altogether a pleasant one, you see. Allow me to present you to my wife, Valerie, who is Mr. Stanhope Lane."

There was always, when he spoke of her, a certain pride and an old-world courtesy in her husband's voice, that was very pleasant hearing for Sylvia. To-day it struck home to her heart with a quick shame.

From her place by the fireplace she bowed to the man who had come forward into the room. The easiest intimation of the head, but the leaping play of the flames caught a gleam of red gold from the lightly-piled hair on the small head.

Across the room the steady grey eyes met the watching dark ones with an almost defiant, teasing look.

There was an answering gleam from Lane's dark ones. The eyes that met her own were as unexpressiveless as stagnant pools. There was not the faintest flicker of recollection in the dark face.

(Continued on page 11.)

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Princess Louise.

**Princess Louise.**  
Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has consented to control the distribution of Mr. Astor's £25,000 fund, I see. The money is to go to the relief of necessitous families of British officers killed or disabled at the front, and under Princess Louise's care I imagine it will be wisely expended, for she has a big reputation for business ability and hard common sense.

**Lady Sundridge.**

A few years ago, I remember, the visitors at Buxton were speculating a good deal upon the identity of a Lady Sundridge, who was taking the cure. For several days nobody could pierce her identity; but she was the Duchess of Argyll visiting incognito under one of her least-known titles.

**A Travelling Acquaintancehip.**

Perhaps one of the best stories illustrating her love of private travel is one told by an Irishwoman touring in Italy. This lady struck up a temporary acquaintacehip with a very charming travelling companion, and a visit in company to some places of interest was arranged. They shared a picnic lunch together and at the end of a pleasant expedition the unknown announced that she would be leaving for home on the morrow. "But," she added, "your sandwiches were so delightful I should love to know how they are made, will you send me the recipe to Kensington Palace, I am Princess Louise."

**How Vermelles Was Taken.**

My Paris gossip sends me a pleasant little elaboration of the recent bald official statement that the Allies had taken the village of Vermelles, near Bethune. "The 'communiqué' was dumb as to the clever manner in which Vermelles was occupied, after having been the theatre of a determined struggle for nearly two months," he says.

**The German Way.**

"The Germans, it appears, collected the women and children of the village in the local school, and on the roof placed quick-firing guns. The French, for fear of wounding the women and children, did not fire on the school. But at last the colonel received orders to take the village. He was painfully embarrassed. But from his observation post he noticed in the midst of a group of children playing in the playground an old, infirm woman making herself understood by the deaf and dumb alphabet.

**And the French Way Out.**

"I've got it!" exclaimed the colonel, and sent for a soldier who knew the signs by which dumb folk converse. Acting on instructions, the soldier got into communication with the old woman and persuaded her to gather all the children in the far-away corner of the courtyard. When she had done this she signalled to the soldier. A minute later ten of the best French shots behind a wall fired and brought down the German gunners. Then their infantry burst into the school, and at the point of the bayonet captured Vermelles."

**Soldiers Three!**

That soldiers have an international language of their own was again proved a few days ago by an incident in the Rue de la Paix, Paris. A well-known Edinburgh man was walking down the street to his hotel, when he saw a couple of immense Turcos—both of them over 6ft. high—and between them a "bantam" Highlander, coming towards him. "Hullo, Kiltie!" he shouted. "Where have you come from?" The civilian and the soldier—he was from "Glesca"—shook hands, and the Highlander told his story.

**Getting on All Right.**

"We were a' in the trenches thegither," he said. "We were a' wounded in the same engagement, and we've just come out o' the same hospital. We're goin' back tae the front in a few days." "But do you understand what they say?" asked the man from Edinburgh. "Not me," was the reply, "an' they canna tell a word I say. But we're gettin' on like a house on fire. We ha've na separated for two days. Come on, dairies!" And the grinning Turcos, linking arms with the "kiltie," strode away.

**An Encouraging Reflection.**

It's a long way to Tipperary—but the German mile is four times as long as the English.

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

**Real Neutrality.**

The New York *Evening Journal* is not going to risk accusations of taking sides in this war. On November 10 its big headline in the eighth edition read thus:—

**GERMANS FALL LIKE LEAVES AT THE BATTLE OF YPRÉS.**

In the ninth edition it read thus:—

**ALLIES FALL LIKE LEAVES AT THE BATTLE OF YPRÉS.**

So there you are. You pays your money and you takes your choice—of editions.

**Panto at "The New National."**

The first performance of "Aladdin," the pantomime to be produced at the place we used to call the "London Opera House," but which now modestly describes itself as "The National Theatre of England," will be unique. Major Arthur Haggard, of the Veterans' Club, has taken over the performance, and the whole of the proceeds will go to the Navy and Army funds. The first performance of "Aladdin" will be attended by the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Bedford, Admiral Fremantle, Major-General Sir Alfred Turner and Lord Charles Beresford.



Miss Claire Romaine.

**'A Lad in a Thousand.'**  
I think, too, that we shall all like "Aladdin" very much. "The Ballet from Babyland" promises well, because babies are not self-conscious when they dance. And then there will be Miss Claire Romaine as Aladdin, with new songs and an ever-sprightly personality. Really the first performance of "Aladdin," which takes place on Thursday afternoon, ought to be quite a notable event in its way.

**"Little Walter"—Clown and Soldier.**

One of my readers has sent me a cutting from a Portuguese paper all about "Little Walter." I must admit I had not heard of "Little Walter," but I mentioned his name to a friend who knows Lisbon, and I found that his fame is great. "Little Walter" is one of Lisbon's idols, a merry and irresistible clown, who attracts huge audiences and makes all Lisbon laugh. At least, he used to do so: at present he is Soldier Walter—I don't know his real name—and he is fighting for his fatherland somewhere in Flanders, for Walter is a Belgian and a native of Liege.

**The Children Want Him Back.**

But he has not forgotten his old friends in the sunny south. He has written a little patriotic poem, which goes to the tune of "I Want to be in Dixie," and which the Lisbon papers have published. I cannot reprint all the verses here, but they are typical of the fighting spirit of the Belgians, and this is the last refrain. It is like a jester to set a fierce patriotic doggerel verse to a ragtime tune:—

Dans mon pays, Dans mon pays,  
Les Allemands ont tout sali oui  
Le Louvain malines  
Ces cités d'êtres viles  
Ils en ont fait un charnier sans pareil  
Dans mon pays, Dans mon pays.  
Lorsque la guerre sera fine, oui  
Nous devrons faire nos sacrifices et régler  
Et en face de toute l'humanité.  
Dans mon pays, Dans mon pays.  
Tu s'ras à tout jamais maudit!

Oui.

My correspondent says that all Lisbon wishes "Little Walter" good luck, and "the little ones all await his return."

**Huns as Purifiers.**

Berlin's Jockey Club has formally decided to purify the German Turf, and has made a brave beginning by withdrawing its licence from all British trainers who have not become naturalised. Although the British racing colony in Germany is a fairly big one, it is satisfactory to note that there are only six "sportsmen" who have become naturalised Germans. Which is what one might expect.

**Spur the Willing Horse.**

So far, however, not a word has been said about jockeys. This is rather interesting, for so far Germany has not been able to produce a jockey. Some of the Berlin racecourses are exceedingly pleasant—particularly Grunewald—but the officers who furnish almost all of Germany's "gentlemen" riders spoil sport by the cruel way they handle horses. German officers are great believers in using the spur, and it is quite a common thing after a race to see a horse limping away through loss of blood.

**Footballs Gain Ground All Along the Line.**

Yesterday was another grand football day. We are fast approaching the completion of that sixth hundred. Yesterday's posts brought in forty-one more footballs, making a total, including Lady Byron's promised fifty, of 561. Of these 446 had been sent out by yesterday afternoon; sixty-five were ready for packing up—they will have gone by to-night, and the fifty which are to come make up the total.

**But the Applicants' Attacks Continue.**

Oh, no. We shall have no difficulty in getting rid of them; it seems that the boys in the trenches are passing on the good news to their comrades, and for every letter of acknowledgment from the front I get, I seem to receive two fresh applications. But if we can go ahead at this rate we shan't leave many unsatisfied. We now want only thirty-nine balls to complete the sixth hundred. About Christmas, and then we can talk about the—the but let's wait till we complete the sixth first.

**They Wish You a Happy Christmas.**

I was asked in every letter of acknowledgment I received yesterday to wish my kind readers who had contributed to the football fund a merry Christmas, and many of the recipients spoke of the consolation their footballs would bring them this Christmas, which they would be forced to spend in camp or barracks. I should like to get another hundred footballs sent out to the soldiers before Christmas Eve.

**From the Border for Men of the Border.**

Among yesterday's "reinforcements" were two footballs subscribed for by poor country folk on the Cumberland hills, to quote the letter of the Vicar of Haile, Cumberland, through whom the balls were sent. They are going to the Border Regiment, which is raised from the Cumberland district. The lads of the Border in the trenches will welcome the thought of their many friends at home.

**"Jonah."**

So A. O. Jones, "Jonah," as we called him, captain of England and Nottinghamshire at cricket, and one of the great footballers of the day, is dead, and sport is the poorer. I have watched for his name in the list of well-known athletes who had joined the forces, and now understand why I have not seen it; for "Jonah" would never stand down in days like these.



Mr. A. O. Jones.

**Our Arctic Mays.**

He had never quite recovered from the chill he contracted in May last year at Manchester when Notts were playing Lancashire in almost arctic weather. Jones was a man who would never spare himself or any of his team. One of the last times I chatted with him was at Marseilles on his return from Australia in 1908. He went with the England team taken out by Archie McLaren in 1901, and captained the M.C.C. team in the Antipodes in 1907. He was taken ill out there, and if the truth is known that illness began the breakdown in his health.

**His Great Records.**

Brightest and breeziest of men, he was loved by his players, and leaves a wonderful record in Notts cricket behind him. Going in first with Iremonger, the pair scored 100 or over for the first wicket no fewer than twenty-four times. As a three-quarter he was one of the mainstays of the famous Leicester team, and in the last few years he had been one of the best international referees.

**"Recruits"—Not "Babies."**

Possible soldiers—that's how many Germans regard their newly-arrived babies just now. Instances abound in the German papers of birth announcements such as the following:—"Born to Herr and Frau —, a fine young recruit for the Fatherland's army."

THE RAMBLER.

**WHAT THE PUBLIC SHOULD GIVE TO THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO ARE WITH THE COLOURS.**

Mr. and Mrs. Touchwood, the magic charms, as supplied to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. It is said that they are wonderful luck bringers. Mr. Touchwood is in a box, a very ornate box, with a chain or long guard. This would make a very handsome gift. Just touch the box and up comes Mr. Touchwood. Then out comes his wife, who is a very nice woman with sparkling eyes and three buttons in the front, red, white and blue, which sparkle in every direction, with photo-

Then there is the book of heroes, a wonderful piece of British workmanship. Each little book has a flap in real leatherette cover, so that you can send it anywhere. Inside there are real photographs of His Majesty the King, Lord Kitchener, Admiral Jellicoe, etc., and also a space for your own picture. It is a very nice gift. You should not fail to get one of these.

Another emblem is a Union Jack in a bulldog's head, with a photograph of your friend inside, which can be taken out and your friend's photo put in it. It would make a splendid charm for a lady or gentleman.

Then there is Tommy's cap, an actual reproduction of a service cap in miniature, about the size of a sixpence, with a leatherette cover, so that you can place a photo in it. It would make a splendid charm for a lady or gentleman.

You could not give anything more suitable than one of the above described articles. They are suitable for Christmas or the New Year. Get them at your jeweller or shopkeeper, and send with remittance to the Editorial Dept., 317, High Holborn, London, W.C., and get a copy of the book of heroes.

The prices are as follows:—

Mrs. Touchwood, in sterling silver with flag brooch as described, 2s. 6d.; 9ct. gold 5s. 6d. each.

Mr. Touchwood on ball end brooch, 9ct. 10s. 6d. each.

Service cap, sterling silver, 2s. each; 9ct. gold 10s. 6d. each.

Touchwood in the box, sterling silver, with embossed photos of His Majesty the King, Lord Kitchener, etc., 3s. each.

John Bull, sterling silver, 1s. 6d. each; 9ct. gold 5s. each.

My Hero Book, gilt and enamel, 1s. 6d. each.

Union Jack with Bulldog, with patent moving head, 1s. 6d. each.

P.S.—A special night staff has been organised to deal with direct orders, so you are quite sure of getting your goods per return.

## The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

They stood for a few minutes talking together—of the weather, of their recent voyage. Desultory small talk, in which Sylvia ended with a composure that amazed herself. Then—she was silent; that was latent in all women came to her assistance now in this hour of her need, as it had come to her aid on that day when she had greeted Valerie on the Indian road where the tired ponies of the tonga settled themselves to rest.

Presently she laid her hand on Hillier's arm.

"I'll leave you to talk business with Mr. Lane, Jack," she said. "I must see the housekeeper, you know."

Then down off her fingers on his arm, had he but known it, was almost a farewell. As she left the room she did not know what might happen before she saw him again.

Lane went forward to open the door for her. Once again as she passed over her eyes met his.

Met as the eyes of strangers meet.

Yet, deep in her woman's heart some instinct warned Sylvia that he was not a stranger that Stanhope Lane had come to that house.

His face might be a mask, but what were the thoughts—the intentions that were hidden behind that mask?

**There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.**

## EXCITING 'CHASING.'

Some exciting racing was seen yesterday at Gatwick, where the Folkestone Club Meeting was held in delightful weather.

Platters, Glenvictor and Boleyn all won their races on the narrow margin of a head, and after the first-named had beaten three opponents in the Guildhall Steeplechase a double objection followed on the grounds of boring. Nimrod VI, who finished third, appeared to be the chief sufferer, but the complaints were overruled.

## SELECTIONS FOR HURST PARK.

- 1. 0—Palace Hurdle—MUTTON CUTLETS.
- 1. 50—Wolsey Steeplechase—GEOFFREY HILL.
- 1. 50—Hurdle—BILBERRY.
- 2. 30—Steeplechase—LORD RIVERS.
- 3. 0—December Steeplechase—DORIS BURLES.
- 3. 30—Three-Year-Old Hurdle—HARTIGAN'S SELECTED.

## DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

\*BILBERRY AND LORD RIVERS.

BOUVERIE.

## GATWICK RACING RETURNS.

- 1. 50—Guildhall Chase, 2m.—Flattever (3.1, Tighe), 1; Nimrod VI (6.4), 2; Nimrod VII (7.4), 3. 4 ran.
- 1. 50—Three-Year-Old Hurdle, 1m.—Beauriv (5.2, Hopper), 1; Gomphrena (10.0-7), 2; Stepping Stone (10.1), 3.
- 2. 0—Ramsgate Chase, 3m.—Glenvictor (4.1, J. Kelly), 1; Powder and Shot (10.1), 2; Come On (4.2), 3. 8 ran.
- 2. 0—Hurdle—Bilberry.
- 2. 30—Steeplechase—Lord Rivers.
- 3. 0—December Steeplechase—Doris Burles.
- 3. 30—Three-Year-Old Hurdle—Hartigan's Selected.

## ENGLISH CUP DRAW.

The draw for the first round of the English Cup is as follows:—

1. W. Ham v. Newcastle, South Shields v. Fulham, Bury v. Plymouth, Liverpool v. Stockport, Goole v. Middlebrough, Blackpool v. Sheffield United, Derby v. Leeds, Rangeford v. Middlesbrough, Macclesfield v. Bolton Wanderers v. Notts County, Crewe v. Oldham, Everton v. Barnsley, Bristol City v. Cardiff, Darlington v. Cheltenham, Bristol Rovers v. Bolton, Swindon v. Portsmouth, Birmingham v. Palace, Swindon v. Chelsea, Hull City v. W. Bromwich, Sheffield Wednesday v. Manchester U., Macclesfield v. Blackpool, W. York v. Preston, v. Manchester City, Reading v. Notts County, Preston v. Exeter, Rochdale v. Gillingham, Millwall v. Wolves, Villa v. Exeter, Rochdale v. Gillingham, Millwall v. Clapton Blue (6.4-2); Modus (6.1-2), Modus (5.1-2), 9 ran.

Cricket lovers will learn with deep regret of the death of A. O. Jones, the famous England, Nottinghamshire and Cambridge batsman, at the age of forty-two.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### Kaiser's New Friend in Berlin.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 21.—The ex-Khedive of Egypt is expected to arrive in Berlin to-night.—Central News.

### Tramway-car Breakdown.

Owing to one of the metals breaking, tramway-car traffic on the Stamford Hill route was delayed for some time yesterday.

### Won't Rise to German Bait.

A private dispatch from Berlin, says a Central News Copenhagen message, states that the Amir of Afghanistan seems determined to remain neutral.

### Togoland Prisoners in England.

Prisoners from Togoland, a German colony seized by the British, arrived by steamer at Liverpool yesterday under a guard of native police and soldiers.

### His Turkish Master.

A message from Constantinople states that Marshal von der Goltz attended the Selamlik last week in field-marshall's uniform with the distinctions of a special adjutant to the Sultan.

### Alien-Held Shares.

The Stock Exchange Committee yesterday confirmed the following resolution:—"That American share certificates standing in the name of an alien enemy are no longer a good delivery."

### Reactor Drowned in Thames.

The Rev. J. H. Dudley Matthews, rector of Purley, near Reading, was crossing the Thames on Sunday evening in his punt to preach at Mapledurham when his craft capsized and he was drowned.

### Special Constable's Fate.

The body of John Guinnell, of Winchmore Hill (Middlesex), the special constable who died in the course of his duty on December 11, was recovered from the New River at Wood Green yesterday.

### Fair Treatment for Germans.

OTTAWA, Dec. 21.—A Government statement intimates that Germans in Canada will be treated with fairness and consideration as long as they abide by the law and render no aid to the enemy.—Central News.

## CIVIL SERVICE BANK CLOSED.

"It really is a disgraceful thing that a company of this sort using the honoured name of bank has been used simply for the purpose of loans and overdrafts to its own officials."

So said Mr. H. de V. Brougham, Senior Official Receiver, in reply to a shareholder at a stormy meeting of depositors in the Civil Service Bank Limited, of Charing Cross-road, yesterday.

He announced that the doors of the bank had been closed, and a formal resolution was accordingly carried directing that the business be closed and the company compulsorily wound up.

The most important items on the asset side in the directors' statement of Mr. Brougham were Loans and overdrafts to customers repayable periodically over various periods, in no case exceeding three years, £54,745, but estimated at £60,000.

He found on examination that the debts due to the company amounted on loan accounts and overdrafts to £54,621, and he did not consider that it would be reasonable to estimate that they would require £60,000.

Included in these debts were loans and overdrafts due from the officials of the company to the extent of £21,335.

The Official Receiver said he placed the liabilities at £60,039 and the assets at £23,935. That left a deficiency as regarded the shareholders of £36,165, excluding the unpaid and uncancelled-for capital.

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

AT the time of going to press we are all hoping that Generals Joffre and French have a Christmas Present of a good victory in store for us.

The SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS will shortly be here, and although our festivities may be somewhat chastened, it is due to the youngsters to give them entertainment.

The ideal instrument for the purpose is the PATHÉPHONE, which will give you respite from the war, or will stimulate a martial spirit with its stirring military records of song and instrument.

A few of the seasonable items are as follows, but there are 20,000 magnificent titles to choose from. Send for Catalogue.

## DOUBLE-SIDED PATHÉ DISCS.

"The First Noel"; "While Shepherds watched their Flocks by Night"; "Good King Wenceslas"; "When the Crimson Sun had Set."

"Fight the Good Fight"; "Rock of Ages."

"Depart and Arrive of the Expeditionary Forces from and to France" (Descriptive).

"Tipperary"; in short, all the most popular martial, Christmas, favourite instrumental and other music which appeals to *one and all*.

The Pathéphone reproduces with a round sapphire point that entirely dispenses with needles, and gives the record a clear tone.

Pathé Disc Records are in three sizes:

10in. 2*1*/<sub>2</sub>, 11in. 3*1*/<sub>2</sub>, 11in. 4*1*/<sub>2</sub>.

## Pathéphone

Write us to-day for name and address of nearest agent, and we shall be happy to send complete catalogues.

PATHÉ FRÈRES, PATHÉPHONE, Ltd.,  
Dept. P, London, W.C.

THE "PROGRESS" MODEL £4:15:0  
Other models to suit all tastes and purses

10in. 2*1*/<sub>2</sub>, 11in. 3*1*/<sub>2</sub>, 11in. 4*1*/<sub>2</sub>.

# The Eastern War Waged in the Snows of Poland: Pictures

WOUNDED Soldiers Make Model Trenches for Kitchener's Army : Pictures.

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

A LITTLE French Dog Acts as Sentry in France :: :: Picture.

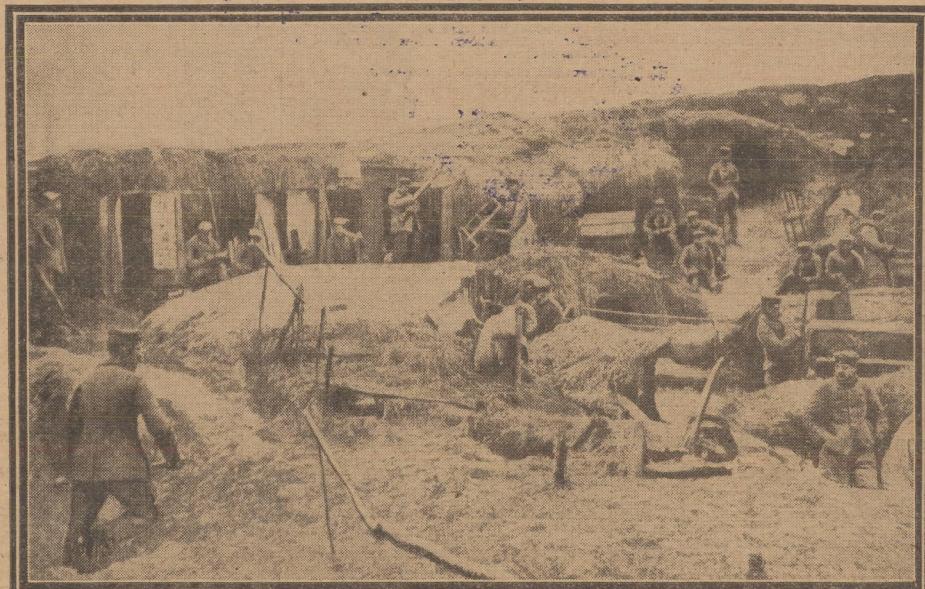
## GERMAN NURSES.

4 1609 B



Two German sisters of the Red Cross attached to the eastern army.

## THE UNDERGROUND WAR: GERMAN LIVING-HOLES.



"Living holes" and protected trenches of the German troops fighting against the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas in Russian Poland. The "living holes" are constructed with usual German thoroughness. The troops say they are quite comfortable.

## ENLISTED 7 TIMES.

P. 16498



Colour-Sergeant William S. Mitchell, Mace Bearer to Edinburgh University, who has joined the Army for the seventh time.

P. 16623



General von Mackensen, who is in charge of the army which occupied Lodz, has been decorated by the Kaiser.

## MEN WHO CRUSHED SOUTH AFRICAN REBELS.

P. 2256



General Smuts delivering his famous speech at Johannesburg.

4. 925 R



Loyalist troops in Booyson's Camp at Johannesburg.

These are some of the loyalists who, under the leadership of General Botha and General Smuts, made such very short work of the South African rebellion which Germany engineered with such infinite pains and trouble. It is all over now.

## IN CHURCHYARD.

P. 4356



The Rev. S. St. John Corbett, rector of St. George's-in-the-East, who has a rifle range in his churchyard and a flourishing rifle club.

P. 16798



Captain W. Higgin-Birkett, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, who, after being wounded six weeks ago, mysteriously vanished.

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